Havoc Is ReBorn by Birchwhisker

Category: IT
Genre: Mystery, Romance
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2009-01-25 19:55:27
Updated: 2009-01-25 19:55:27
Packaged: 2019-12-12 04:47:57
Rating: M
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,352
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: It turns out the Losers didn't kill IT - 30 years later, and it's back in Derry, Maine. Rate and Review please! Rated M for blood, and some lemon later in the story

Havoc Is ReBorn

A newsflash appeared on the television screen, the anchorwoman beginning to speak.

"There has been a sudden disappearance of a young boy today. Police are looking for Justin Knight, who was last seen at his home nearby the Derry Public Library. Contact Derry Police if you have any information."

The T.V. was shut off, a girl standing up from sitting on the sofa. She walked out of the front door, only in her socks, pajama pants, and ebony-coloured top. The girl didn't do anything but look around, and stare. The grass was a lush green, the sunlight shone onto the road's cement pavement, leaking through the tree's leaves. A voice called from inside the small red-and-white house that the girl had stepped out of.

"Tanya!" A woman had opened the door, looking straight at her. The girl turned around to look at the woman, her mother. "Come inside if you're not dressed." She added, give the beckoning motion with her left hand; her right hand was holding the door open.

The girl sighed, and walked inside, shouldering past her mother. Walking into the hallway, she made a sharp turn to the left to enter her room. She grabbed a piece of loose-leaf, and began to write, reading her words aloud.

"My name's Tanya, however I prefer to be called Tawny. I am fifteen years old. My mother is a fucked-up bitch."

She stopped, pausing to re-read it. Tawny soon continued.

"My hair is red and curly, and I have green eyes that remind me of puke; yet my mother thinks they look like emeralds. Like I care what she thinks."

She studied it again, dropping her pencil on the wooden desk, next to her Mac-book. Though it was 2020, much hadn't changed from 2010. The only think that really affected her in the past ten years was when

her father died two years earlier.

Other than that, nothing exciting really happened. Tawny picked up the piece of loose-leaf, crumpled it up, and threw it into the trash bin in the corner.

Like normal, her mother barged into the room. "Tanya!" she said sharply, "you have to clean up your room!"

Tawny only rolled up her eyes. "Sorry that there is a speck of dust on the desk, Mum. I'll clean it up right away." She said sarcastically. She could've sworn her mother was about to explode.

"Tanya Michelle Roberts, don't you ever talk back to me like that ever again!" her mother stormed out of the room, and slammed the door. Tawny snickered slightly.

Suddenly, the phone rang. She went over to the phone, which was on the left side of the desk, reading the caller ID. '*It's Jason.*' she thought, and answered the phone.

"Hello?"
"Hey Tawny. What's up?"
"Not much. Pissed off the bitch again." The man from the other end of the line chuckled.
"Nice. Wanna go skate?"
"Sure. Derry Skate Park. ASAP."
"See you there."
"Bye."

Tawny hung up the phone with a small click. Pulling open her drawers, Tawny picked up a pair of baggy-ish jeans, grabbing a green tank, and pulling a rather loose-fitting gray sweat-shirt over top. She went over to the corner of the room, picking up a skate board on the corner. Making sure she had her cellphone in her pocket, she left the room to go into the living room, getting an angry glare from her mother.

"And exactly where do you think you're going?"

The teenager ignored her mother, slipping on her flat-bottomed

shoes. She opened the door, holding the skateboard under her left arm. Tawny walked east, looking around. A sudden noise got her attention. Turns out it was her cellphone's ring tone. '*Take me with you, I start to miss you. Take me home, I don't want to be alone tonight…*' was what the ringtone's lyrics sang.

"Hello?"
"What the hell is wron-!"

Tawny ended the call. It was only her mother, beginning to bitch and shit all over again. However, Tawny could see the skate park. Then, she just realized something. '*Urgh. I could've skated there.*' Tawny placed the board on the ground, and soon she found herself soaring down the sidewalk, getting closer to the park. As she was crossing the Barrens, a certain thing caught her sight. Tawny halted herself to a stop, looking at the shape. '*Oh my god, it looks like a person!*' she thought, her eyes widening in fear.

"Hello?!" Tawny called down. Leaving her skateboard on the side of the road, she climbed down the steep hill to take her closer to the Barrens. She soon stopped dead in her tracks, and let out a blood-curdling scream.

Tawny couldn't even make out the boy's facial structure. His body was heavily covered in blood, all of his limbs ripped off. She wailed in her fear, having the boy's eye sockets staring straight up at her. *'What if it's the boy on the news this morning?*' she thought, with a sudden urgency. Grabbing her cellphone, she quickly took a picture. *'If it is the boy, they'll want to be sure.*' A sudden cackling echoed through the Barrens, sending Tawny straight up the hill and back up too the road. Getting up to the road, she opened up her flip phone again, urgently dialing Jason's cell number.

"Tawny, why aren't you here yet? I've been waiting -!"
"Damn it Jason, there's a dead boy in the Barrens!"
"Holy shit. Did you call 911?"
"Fuck, no I didn't."
"Well do it. I'll be right there."

Tawny ended the call, the boy's body image still fresh in her mind. She was honestly terrified. '*What if I'm next?*' The only option Tawny

really had was to stay put until Jason came around. However, in about five minutes, she finally caught a glimpse of Jason's red baggy sweatshirt, seeing a small portion of his emo-like blond hair while he rode his skateboard down the street. Tawny ran towards him. She was afraid after seeing the dead body, yet she was rather mad at Jason.

"You couldn't have come any sooner?!" she growled at him. Being her rather bitchy self, the girl gave Jason "the finger". Jason rolled his eyes.

"Suck it up, Tawny." he said, his voice rather calm. "Why haven't I heard any sirens yet?" Tawny felt like literally slapping herself in the face. '*Oh my god. I am having such a bad day. I'm acting so stupid.*' She looked at Jason apologetically.

"Uhm.... it might be that way because I haven't exactly phoned them yet..." Jason clenched his fists together, growling at himself with his eyes narrowed.

"Since litte Tayna can't call by hersel-!"

"DON'T YOU EVER CALL ME TANYA YOU FUCKING SON OF A BITCH!" she exclaimed. Tawny drew up her dominate hand, her left one, and struck him across the face. With a grunt, Jason's hand came up to his cheek. He slowly removed his hand, and Tawny could see how red it was. She smirked.

"Now, what were you saying?" she said. Jason glared up to her.

"Nothing. Just call them already." he said, venom tainting his tone. His cheek was still red, but had faded a small amount to more of a rosy-pink colour. Tawny drew out her cellphone from her jean pocket. She dialed 911. Not even a second after she dialed, an operator picked up.

"911, what's your emergency?"
"Hi, my name Tawny Roberts. I'm on Victoria Street, right beside the Barrens. There is a dead body down in the Barrens - I'm afraid it might be the Knight boy!"
"Alright then, I'll send an ambulence down there right away. Stay

where you are."
"Yes ma'am."

With that, Tawny hung up. She and Jason just stood there... and only waited for the ambulence to come.